

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

If I could see the puppets dallying,  
*Oph.* You are keene my Lord, you are keene.  
*Ham.* It would cost you a groining to take off mine edge.  
*Oph.* Still better and worse.  
*Ham.* So you mistake your husbands. Begin murdherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croaking Rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit and time agreeing,  
 Considerate season, els no creature seeing,  
 Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weeds collected,  
 With *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,  
 Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie,  
 On wholesome life vsurps immediately.

*Ham.* A poisons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*,  
 go, the story is extant and written in very choice *Italian*, you shall see anon how the murdherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

*Oph.* The King rises.

*Quee.* How fares my Lord?

*Pol.* Giue ore the Play.

*King.* giue me some light, away.

*Pol.* Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt, all but Ham. and Horatio.*

*Ham.* Why let the stroken Deere goe weepe,  
 The Hart vngauled play,

For some must watch whilst some must sleepe,  
 Thus runs the world away. Would not this sir & a Forrest of feathers,  
 if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with provincial  
 Roses, on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of Player?

*Hora.* Halfe a share.

*Ham.* A whole one I.

For thou dost know oh *Damon* deere!  
 This Realme dimantled was  
 Of loue himselfe, and now raignes here  
 A very very paiock.

*Hora.* You might haue rim'd.

*Ham.* O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand  
 pound. Didst perceiue?

*Hora.* Very well my Lord.

*Ha.* Vpon the talke of the poisoning.

*Hora.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.*

## Prince of Denmarke.

*Ham.* Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders,  
 For if the King like not the Comodie,  
 Why then belike he likes it not perdie.  
 Come, some musique.

*Enter Rosencrans, Gyldesterne.*

*Gn.* Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you

*Ham.* Sir a whole historie.

*Gyl.* The King sir.

*Ham.* I sir, what of him?

*Gyl.* Is in his retirement meruailous distempred.

*Ham.* With drinke sir?

*Gyl.* No my Lord, with choller.

*Ham.* Your wisdom should shew it selfe more richer to signifye this to the Doctor, for, for me to put him to his purgation,  
 would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

*Gyl.* Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,  
 And itare not so wildly from my affaire.

*Ham.* I am tame sir, pronounce.

*Gyl.* The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit,  
 hath sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Gyl.* Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breed,  
 if it shall please you to make me a wholsome answer, I will do  
 your mothers commandement, if not, your pardon and my re-  
 turne, shall be the end of businesse.

*Ham.* Sir I cannot.

*Ros.* What my Lord.

*Ha.* Make you a wholsome answer, my wits diseasd, but sir, such  
 answer as I can make, you shal command, or rather as you say, my  
 mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

*Ros.* Then thus she saies, your behauiour hath strooke her into  
 amazement and admiration.

*Ham.* O wonderfull sonne that can so stonish a mother! but is  
 there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration? impart.

*Ros.* She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you  
 any further trade with vs?

*Ros.* My Lord you once did loue me.

*Ham.* And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

H

*Ros.*